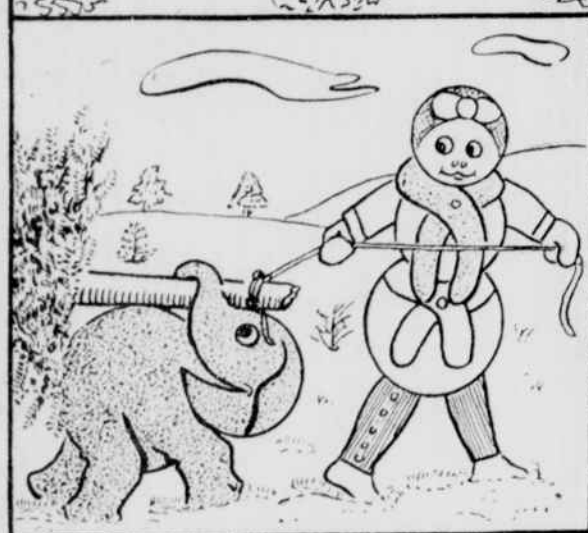


THE TRIBUNE CHILDREN'S PAGE

EDIE AND EDDIE



Edie and her elephant.
As happy as can be,
Have been a-hunting in the woods
To find a Christmas tree.



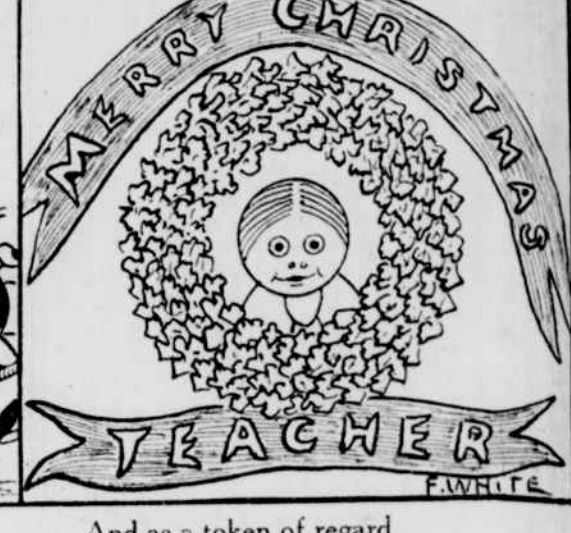
They told their scholars all to come
To school on Saturday.
And warned them all to be on hand
And not to stay away.



Of course, the scholars promptly came
And greeted with delight
The lovely, laden Christmas tree.
As well, indeed, they might.



And when the gifts were given out
They danced about with glee,
And every single one of them
Was happy as can be.



And as a token of regard
The scholars brought a wreath.
With "Merry Christmas" overhead
And "Teacher" underneath.

CANDYTOWN STORIES

Santa Claus and the Popcorn Giant.

By LOUISE S. HASBROUCK.

PART 3.

"THEY might just as well have their presents now," said Mrs. Chocolate Cream after the Popcorn Giant had explained about having got stuck in her chimney while trying to take the place of Santa Claus, who had been snowed up by the powdered sugar blizzard not far from Candytown. "The presents are here; every one is here. We will go downstairs to my parlor and light a fire. See, it is already Christmas morning!"

Sure enough, the sun was getting up and sending sleepy beams through the windows, which Jack Frost had decorated with his most beautiful pictures in honor of Christmas morning.

The Candy people, who had all assembled at the Chocolate Creams' to pull the Popcorn Giant down the chimney, where he had stuck, now trooped downstairs to Mrs. Chocolate Cream's parlor. Mrs. Chocolate Cream put her biggest coffee pot on the stove, while Mr. Chocolate Cream lighted a big fire in the fireplace to drive the chill away. Then the Popcorn Giant distributed Santa Claus's pack of presents. Every one got some, from the littlest Peppermint Lozenge to old Mrs. Raisin.

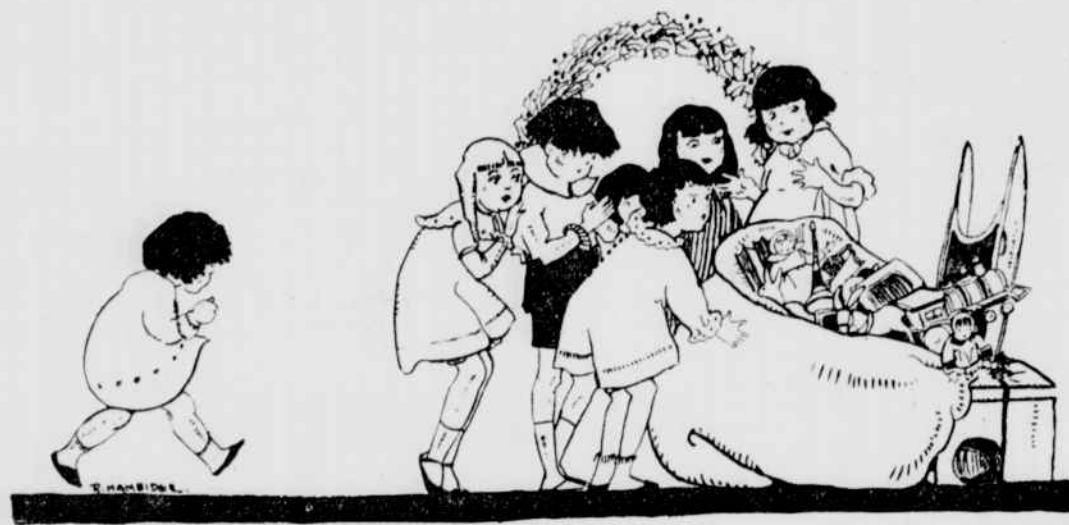
The Popcorn Giant himself received a brand new checker board, a fine pair of fur mittens and some nice books to read when alone in his cave.

In the midst of the merry uproar that followed the Popcorn Giant noticed his little friend Chocolate Cream looking rather thoughtful.

"What's the matter, Chocolate Cream?" he asked. "Didn't you get what you wanted?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Chocolate Cream; "my presents are perfect. What troubles me, though, is that while we are having such a lovely Christmas here poor Santa Claus is snowed up in his cave, without a single present!"

"It's too bad!" agreed the Pop-



The Popcorn Giant distributed the presents. Every one got some, from the littlest Peppermint Lozenge to Old Mrs. Raisin.

corn Giant. "I wonder what we could do?"

"I suppose we Candy children could never get out to him, the snow is so deep," said Chocolate Cream. "But you could, Popcorn Giant, and it would not be much out of your way, either, for the cave in the snow which Santa dug for himself is near your home, you said. Suppose you take some presents to Santa Claus from us. Will you?"

"All right," said the Popcorn Giant. "I'll take them if they are not too heavy."

Chocolate Cream at once told the other children of her plan. They were enthusiastic about it. But they did not know what to send him. What would Santa Claus like? The ordinary presents would be an old story to him; he gave so many.

"I'll tell you," said Chocolate Cream. "As long as Santa is snowed up, I guess he would like more than anything else a great big lunch basket filled with nice things to eat. Let's all go home to our houses and make or find something good to put in."

At once every one ran to get their hats and coats to go home and get things for Santa Claus. Chocolate Cream provided a fine big basket; Mrs. Taffy, a keep-hot bottle filled with hot coffee; the Gingers, hot

doughnuts; the Peppermints, sandwiches; the Horehound Drops, chicken, and so on, not forgetting a bag of oats and some apples for the reindeer.

The Popcorn Giant put on his snowshoes once more, took the lunch basket and soon reached Santa in his cave. The good saint was just waking up after his nap, and was very hungry and a little cross. When the Popcorn Giant gave him the basket, and he opened it, you can guess his surprise and delight.

"This beats everything!" he exclaimed. "In all the years I have been bringing presents to other people this is the first time any one has sent me presents. I certainly am much obliged to the Candy people and to you, too, Mr. Popcorn Giant. Won't you sit down and have lunch with me?"

The Popcorn Giant was very hungry after his hard night and all his snowshoeing, and was glad to accept Santa Claus's invitation. They had

a very jolly luncheon, and so did the reindeer, whom Santa Claus fed before he ate. After this Santa looked out of his cave, saw that the sun was shining and that the snow had packed down until it was easy to travel on.

"I must get back to the North Pole," he exclaimed. "The old lady up there will be wondering what he was doing when he became of me."

He harnessed his reindeer quickly, got into his sleigh and, saying good-bye to the Popcorn Giant, drove off. The Giant watched him till he was only a speck on the white, violet-shadowed snow. Then he himself went home to take a nap, for he was sleepy after being up all night, and he was going to another Christmas party at Jimmy Gingers' in the evening. He felt very happy as he trudged off on his snowshoes. He had helped every one else to have a merry Christmas, and that is the surest way to have a merry Christmas one's self!

THE GIANT AND HIS SERVANTS

By PADRAIC COLUM.

I COULD not tell you how pleased Jack was to be again in the wood that he knew. It was good to see the woodpecker hammer-

ing on the branch, and to see him stop, busy as he was, to say, "Pass, friend." Two young deer came out of the depths of the wood and licked Jack all over. They bounded alongside of him as he raced along the Hunter's Path. Jack leaped and shouted again when he saw the river before him. He said to himself, "This time, in truth, I will go the whole way with the river. A moving thing is my delight. The river is the most wonderful of all the things I have seen in my travels."

Then he thought he would eat some of the cake that Jillian had given him. He sat down and broke the cake. Then, as he ate it, the thought of Jillian came into his mind. He thought he was looking at her making the cake at the table and putting it on the griddle. He remembered the quiet way she moved about, and then he thought she was as nice as the little deer that ran beside him and as friendly as the bird upon the branch. He went a little way along the river, and then he began to feel lonesome. He turned back. "I'll go to the Giant's House again," said he, "and show Jillian how to get away. And then she and I will follow the river, and I won't be lonesome while she's with me."

So back along the Hunter's Path went Jack. He found his way through the forest by the little heaps of ashes Jillian had left beside the trees. And he came again to the Moat of the Poisoned Water. The Fox was pushing back from the Giant's bank with one of the Giant's pullets across his back. Jack made the fox find

a skin for him. He pushed the skin into the water and swam cautiously across the moat.

There was Jillian in the kitchen, standing on a chair before the big table and washing up the Giant's plates and dishes. She ran over to him when she saw him come in by the back door. "I knew you got across the moat," said she, "and what brought you back, my dear, my dear?"

"Oh," said he, "I came back to bring you with me."

"But," said she, "I cannot leave the Giant's place."

"I'll show you how to cross the moat," said he, "and we'll both be glad to be going on by the moving river."

Tears came into Jillian's eyes. "I cannot go," she said, "and you had best leave me now, for the Giant will be back in the evening."

"Will you not come with me?" said Jack. "If I had the Third Thing I could go with you," said Jillian.

"The Third Thing?" asked Jack. "What is the Third Thing?"

"The Third Thing," said she, "is the Bird Councillor. He sometimes comes into the trees at the back of the Giant's house. I must be a servant here until I catch and bring away with me the Bird Councillor."

"Will it be long before the Bird Councillor comes?"

"It will be in less than a quarter of a year," said Jillian. "I was here when he came into the trees the last time, but I was not able to catch him."

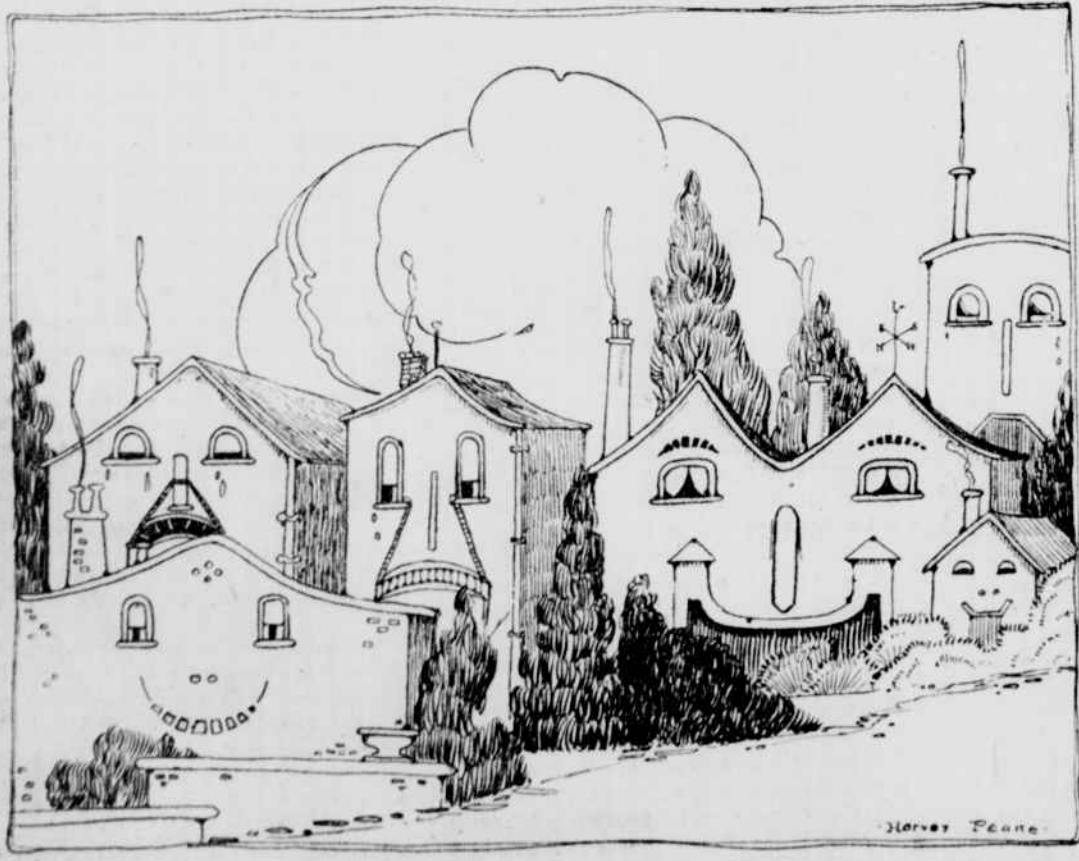
"When he comes into the trees again I will catch him," said Jack, "for I can catch any bird that flies."

"But you cannot stay here until the Bird Councillor comes," said Jillian. "The Giant would surely find you."

"I will stay here and the Giant won't find me. I will not go on the Hunter's Path again until you come with me."

"Then," said Jillian, "I will put fresh peat on the fire, and I will tell you the whole of my story." (To be continued.)

Which of These Houses Do You Think Santa Claus Has Visited?

PUZZLE
A JUMBLED CHRISTMAS DINNER.

As Ellen was bringing in a delicious dinner she stumbled and the dishes flew every which way. When they were finally picked up it was found that every one of them was badly mixed. Can you help straighten out the various articles of food for last Christmas repeat?

1. Ketchup. 2. Grog. 3. Cranberry. 4. Refrigerator. 5. Mince. 6. Whipped. 7. Ruffians. 8. Peas. 9. Whisk. 10. Corn. 11. Epheum. 12. Turkey. 13. Scapular. 14. Ednah. 15. Dancy. 16. Viola. 17. Eftso. 18. Delamou. 19. Dicer.

TOM AND TABBY.



By David Cory.

"Oh, look at that!" cries Tabby Cat, "A big snake on the lawn!"

"Oh, nonsense, Tabby!" Tom replies. In deepest canine scorn.

"Come here. You see that little hole? A mouse lives in there. You stay right here and catch him. I'll scare him from his lair!"

Alas! for little Tabby Cat. A serious mishap!

For she was drenched from nose to toes When Tom turned on the tap.